THE STORAGRAM

54 ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

KAUFMANN'S
FIFTH AVENUE PITTSBURGH

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. VI Pittsburgh, Pa., June No. 5

On To Bear Run

Oh, girls of Kaufmann's fine "Big Store,"
Health opens wide to you her door—
Let me insist, I do implore,
Each year, go off and rest.
Rest where the altitude is high
No dust, no noise, no passers-by
Beneath that ceiling of blue sky,
Enjoy life with a zest.

Our store maintains an ideal place
Where one can run and skip and race
And bring a health-flush in the face;
The place we call Bear Run.
A plateau wooded, hills so fair,
Some cottages, a club house rare,
Screened, so you get the freshest air—
When sleeping, at Bear Run.

If you, your reason now will use,
Your health, you never will abuse,
And mountain air you'll surely choose;
Go up and see Bear Run!
Go see Miss Graham, to her say:
"A reservation make today,
I care not what I have to pay
For staying at Bear Run."

"I never dreamed of such a chance
To hear the radio, swim and dance,
That view does put one in a trance,
When hiking up Bear Run."
We all should give our store great praise
For planning out such numerous ways,
To sport ourselves in torrid days—
Just giving girls, Bear Run.

—C. M. HUSKINS.
Tenth Floor.

Strolling About The Store

By The Store Reporter

Greetings Folks! As the Governor of South Dakota said to the Governor of North Dakota, "We don't meet very often lately," but I'll make up for past neglect by taking a real store excursion this time. Like all of the Alger book heroes I'm beginning at the bottom too—

The basement—where a better department layout has been made and a more spacious effect obtained. In the Millinery I note Bodine with a restless pace covering the aisles and helping the customers get served. A blushing jaunt carries me past the girdles and corsets and I enter the sanctum to greet Traub and Keller. We chat about golf and liars, then an interruption urges me to hustle along.

Atwell nods a sprightly greeting, Friedman follows suit and I trudge along to where Haas is chatting with Gavender. Both undertake to instruct me in a foreign language and I pass without making any reference to Gavender about "Long View." Joyce and Salomon are conferring and Herman is not within sight, so I chat a bit with Goldspinner and talk about Europe to Ike Hohenstein. A while here and away I go.

Harry Mates makes a wise crack as I ascend the moving stairs to the

Main Floor—Miss Ryan and Miss Cohen are first in my vision but soon move away. To the Jewelry Section where scurrying throngs are thickest today. And Albright senior has a satisfied look on his face, while Albright the junior, is busy as George Cohan with a flag. Shorty Thompson returns my nod, Blanche Saylor throws a nice smile and I venture to wink at the sky blue tie that decorates Mr. Powers' shirt front.

Charley O'Brien and I exchange gossip but he doesn't give me the right kind so I pass on to the Victrola Records and chat with Helen about the contest in which she won a prize but I can't wheedle a cent from her so hie away. Rosenberg in an excitable mood today and Steding calm as usual. Theresa Levinson, the eternally hungry girl coming up an aisle. A hasty stroll through the Book Department, then over to other side.

Bill Price and Miss O'Bryan are both too busy for chatter. Miss Greene, our Nurse, is in the Notions Section. John Macks booms out a greeting in his high-pitched tenor (?) voice. Miss Rogner and Morris Simon near the Perfume Section. Archie Greiner is wanted on the 'phone, he ought to have a pocket radio, I think. Upstairs now to the

Second Floor—and I spot Mr. Irwin D. Wolf with Walker. Probably exchanging opinions on the Pirates pennant chances, though it appears more business-like. Fichter and Dan Spisak stand guard at the Knitted Goods Section. Barney Blum scurries down an Overcoat aisle while Oxenreiter responds to a call to the 'phone. Bieberstein is talking shop and I won't stand for that. Mr. Harris is among those absent.

In the Luggage Section Miss Flaherty and Kelly are having a busy day. Hutt tells me he can't get away for a Bear Run week-end and I pity him. Callahan and Phil Schwartz pass pleasantries as I make tack and head for the other side. Joe Vance is burdened with a customer so I'll turn my attention to Mrs. Berger and her outfit next door here. Nice people, all of them.

Whittingham and Danner are trying to convince Pete Wendling that something is so, but he's convinced it isn't. No place for an Irishman, on again and up the moving stairs to the

Third Floor—Where I pay one of my periodic visits to Mrs. Nugent and enjoy her stories of school days. Mr. Horne happens along with a peppy necktie. The Little Theatre is just emptying and its noisy patrons are swarming all over. Seeking refuge with Miss Collins and Wolk now. Mrs. McLain is as chipper as a bird and unruffled by the Theatre exodus even though she has difficulty walking about her aisles.

Weiler and a bevy of pretty salesgirls from the Children's Shoe Department—all are busily engaged in making try-ons. Around the elevator shaft and I catch sight of Mr. Bauerle with a suit over his arm. John Trainor passing on his way to the Toy Department. On the upward trail again—

Fourth Floor—Here I find a delightful spaciousness since the new arrangement was made and its roomier appearance most certainly should entice customers much more easily now than ever before. Fresh looking summer frocks lend a gay color touch and fresher looking flappers stroll about in search of nobbier attire.

Mr. E. J. Kaufmann, Mr. Kuehn and Mr. Heyman coming toward the Service Desk, engrossed in a business talk that forbears interrupting. A fine trio for a men's style designer to sketch. Miss McGowan surrounded by a luxury of furs —and it's a sweltering day outside! Mr. Gattman is on the other side of the floor and briskly walking as though he is going some place hurriedly. Cohen and Woodmansee have a topic of mutual interest, it seems. With a brisk "Hello" to John Flynn, that good-looking sorrel-headed fellow, I disappear on the escalator bound for the—

Fifth Floor—"Our finest". A floor that radiates beauty from every corner. A panorama of beautifully displayed merchandise greets the eye no matter where one turns and the uniformly rich furnishings give an atmosphere that is perfection itself. Dunn is busier than ever today, if one can judge by his hurried trips responding to calls from various parts of the department. The Millinery Trimmings are things of beauty and find an admirable setting for their beauty here.

Walters and Cohen seem to like their new floor immensely and don't mind its elevation a bit, though one should think they would feel light-headed to locate so high after so many years on the Main Floor.

Schleicher is also reveling in his new framing. I think his lamp display makes a beautiful picture for people ascending or descending the elevators. The new Beauty Shop is undergoing its installation now and doesn't look so enticing. Must meander along now to the—

Sixth Floor—Mr. Schwartz is missing from his old post. Mrs. Keener though is still doing business at the old stand and that business seems to be thriving. Miss Riley with her roguish smile gives a sprightly nod as I pass. I visit the office for a chat with Miss Porter and encounter the newest Mr. Heyman as I leave. He's probably headed for the Ad Office to pay a few bets.

Davies and Cummings are debating over some floor questions and Mr. Boston is ascending an elevator at this moment. Peggy Drake passes with a witty remark and I turn my steps toward the Barber Shop where Roth and Cipolla do the clipping. Cipolla, by the way, is the latest addition to the new Shop and he comes here after many years of service with the Union Arcade shop. Duty calls and I wander off to the—

Seventh Floor—and a delightful visit with that most interesting person, Ross. We talk of pictures, old times, bath tubs and books for quite a few minutes and I leave grudgingly, but promise to stop again. Ertle, who has been jestingly termed, "The Buyer of the Pet Shop", is whistling happily. Must have recently returned from a trip to the Canaries. (Laugh that off!)

J. I. Flynn is also in a jovial mood today and is getting a big laugh from one of his remarks to salespeople gathered around the Service Desk. Over to see Nicholas, one of the best mannered men in the store and I spread the blarney awhile. The lighting fixtures are all a'glow here but I leave their radiance for the darker realms of the—

Eighth Floor—Mr. Dean seems to be guarding the top of the escalators here but perhaps he only stands here so that he can get first glimpse of every newcomer. Over to the Credit Office where nothing but busy people can be seen. That's a sign of store prosperity, isn't it? Appel and Breckenfelder are talking over some matter and Lebling is just leaving his desk to join them. There's Miss Meyers to whom I was introduced not long ago. Funny how one can work here for quite some time and still not meet even a majority of the people who work in the store, isn't it? Miss Keefe and Miss Curtin, our Savings Fund friends, do a lot of extra work in handling employee accounts, I am told, and they are willing to bear an even larger burden if the people of the store will only swell the Savings membership to the greatest possible number.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown are talking furniture on the other side of the elevators and Gus Linder is busy at his desk, staring at his work fiercely. Passing a few customers clustered about the escalators and up the "Cripple's Highway" to the—

Ninth Floor—Rugs, rugs, rugs—enough of them to cover the floors of a town, it seems. Mr. Silverstein and Mr. Mundorf are in the Oriental Rug section where the touch of the Orient is heightened still further by the great Mandarin chairs placed here. Around the rear of the elevators to the Wall Paper section and I amuse myself choosing for imaginary walls. On to the awnings where business is brisk and customers plentiful. Mandell and Davis in conference at the office—so I hasten along to the steps and up to the—

Tenth Floor—Miss Weixel has a bandaged eye. Mr. Wolf looms big with his shadow showing through frosted glass. I chat with Miss Kerr about Florida and to Mary Atkins about "bird cages". Miss Bradshaw is also a Florida enthusiast. Mr. Hotchkiss and Miss Robb are comparing notes. Miss Weiland and Miss Dwyer are busy typing but pause long enough to exchange views upon a favorite topic. Mr. E. J. is closeted up with some kind of a conference and I'm too timid to burst into it.

Mr. Clarkson with the inevitable column of figures before him. Wonder how many red ones there are? Down the aisle to salute the bunch that line along the files there—Englert, Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, Stevens and Miss Foley, who is telling Mr. Brannigan what's what and why. Mr. Greene is sporting his ice cream suit, Fred Weiland wants to hear the score but I can't oblige.

Miss Craig and Belle are gossiping, (Mr. O. M. and Mr. Hauser both happen to be absent), and the Ad Office is unusually quiet. I ought to investigate that but must hike along now. Joe Meyers and Lawler, that great team, are in one of their Weber and Fields conference acts. Biss is perspiring freely as he works on under the handicap. Up the elevator now to the—

Eleventh Floor—Menningke and Stewart are looking over tomorrow's menu, I surmise but you never can tell. Perhaps it's one of Menningke's low golf scores that is the center of interest. A visit with Caputo, a pause at the radio department for the score and I walk through the Interior Decorating. Miss Flynn and Malapert are in some sort of discussion. Smith in the Contract Department is surrounded by questioners and Phil Porterfield must be on the 13th Floor. Must end my trip here this time,—next month I'll give the upper floors the double-O first. Until then—

W. J. D.

That Milk Class

"Bottles to right of us, Bottles to left of us!"—we might aptly paraphrase Tennyson to describe the impression one gets on joining the Milk Class. Two pints a day and Heaven help the stragglers who sidled in after the appointed hour!

Miss Quinn and Miss Greene were the dispensers of the drinks and custodians of the straws. At one time there were sixty or more members of the class but not quite that number graduated. All, however, are anxious to rejoin the class when it resumes next September and we can venture the prediction that the cows will be kept rather busy by that time.

At Last!

Doctor: "I expect you are getting tired of lying flat on your back for three weeks, aren't you? Well, I have a little surprise for you."

Patient (eagerly): "Yes?"

Doctor: "Tomorrow, if you are feeling well, you can lie on your side."

—KANSAS CITY STAR.

A Welcome To Betty

On Wednesday, May 27th, the world was graced with a new cherub when Mrs. Irwin D. Wolf, wife of our Secretary, gave birth to a baby daughter. Betty K. Wolf is the newcomer's name and she's a darling if there ever was one, so Papa and Mama say. Betty hasn't yet heard of the shingle fad and her head is covered with a profusion of long black tresses that are growing longer and more profuse each day.

We in the store are anxiously awaiting our first sight of Betty and would like to see what sort of an impression the store makes upon her when she first condescends to visit it. Her brothers, Irwin Junior and John, are worried a bit because the new addition is being lavished with so much praise that they wonder whether a new sister is such a desirable thing after all.

Here's a "Hello" to you, Betty, and a wish that you while your way through babyhood in the happiest manner imaginable. A store-full of your friends send you greetings.

Advance Guard at Bear Run

Miss Smith, Miss Simpson and the others of the Bear Run forerunners left for the mountains about the middle of June to make preparations for the Camp's opening. There's quite a lot of work to do in getting everything ready, but we imagine it's lots of fun to work up there.

This year should see the largest camp attendance since its founding and, while a large number of reservations have been made, there is still room for more to be accommodated. Camp enthusiasm is at its highest pitch and a banner year is expected if all who should go, will go.

Notice to Store Golf-Hounds

At the request of a number of store golfers, we are going to have a handicap tournament some time in the very near future and would like to have the names of all entrants at the earliest possible dates. Mr. Walker and Mr. Whittingham of our Sporting Goods Department have consented to take charge of the tournament and will fix all of the handicaps for the entrants.

Every golfer in the store is eligible, even Keller, who claims he is the only left-handed player in the store, and we want to see a real turnout. It doesn't matter how rotten you are, in a handicap tournament everyone brags of the worst scores they make,—the only requisite for entering is that you work in the store.

Let's get this under way immediately! Prizes will be announced later and a year's subscription to The Storagram goes with every entry we receive. Take your pencil in hand right now and address your entry to Mr. Dolan, "Storagram" Editor, Tenth Floor. You will be notified of the exact date as soon as the elimination pairings have been made.

Mr. O. M. Kaufmann Addresses Convention

At the recent convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association at Atlantic City, Mr. Oliver M. Kaufmann, our Treasurer, delivered one of the most interesting and instructive speeches of the entire convention. His topic was "Correlating Payroll And Volume Of Business In A Department Store", and by means of graphic charts he presented our own system of analysis in a most clear, convincing manner.

The fact that this system is unknown to the other department stores of the country, coupled with the fact that it has long passed the experimental stage here and is now recognized as a valuable asset in the control of the store, made this enlightening talk of Mr. Kaufmann's all the more worth while to his audience. His talk was delivered in a facile manner and in the language of the department store world; very plainly couched and understandable to all because of its very simplicity.

Such a talk by a store executive reflects in no small way to the credit of his store and the Kaufmann Department Stores, Inc., must surely have climbed higher in the opinions of all who attended, after Mr. Kaufmann had made his address. The system he explained and illustrated has been used in the store here for some time and is directly controlled by Mr. Kaufmann and Mr. Hauser.

Our Foreign Correspondents

Mrs. Salomon and Mr. Paley both agreed to act as European correspondents for The Storagram before they sailed and, while no material has been received from them at this writing, we have no doubt but that they will fulfill their agreements. It isn't every store magazine that can boast of foreign correspondents and we're mighty proud of this new source of news.

Both promised to visit the important celebrities on the other side and bring back messages from them to "Storagram" readers so you can look forward to some mighty interesting reading in the next issue.

MISS GRIFFIN WRITES OF HER TRIP OVERSEAS

As we are making a practice of having the buyers who visit foreign lands favor us with a report of the interesting incidents of their trips, we asked Miss Griffin (on very short notice), to oblige with a report of her recent trip over-seas. And she responded most graciously and hastily, thanks to her, with the following article:

"At your request I will give this brief outline of my trip to Europe. I sailed last March 28th on the 'Olympic' and enjoyed a most pleasant voyage as the liner followed the Southern route and the sea was so calm throughout the entire crossing that it was hard to realize that you were really on the ocean.

"The 'Olympic', as you probably know, is the last word in modern steamship equipment and appointment. The big ocean liners always impress me as being much the same as floating hotels and offer innumerable temptations for spending your money. Anything in apparel you may have forgotten to purchase before you left the American shore may be had on the boat. There are sports hats, chamois gloves, sports shoes, knitted dresses for Milady, golf togs for men, toys for children and hundreds of other small items that you might need.

"We arrived in Paris on April 3rd and I spent a few days in this ever charming city looking through the shops to see about the length of sleeves and the color combinations of the advance style models that really govern the approaching styles in gloves. All of the leading glove manufacturers keep closely in touch with the best dressmakers and designers, so that they may obey Fashion's dictates in the season's colorings. Gloves are most important dress accessories in these days.

"After leaving Paris, I stopped at Brussels in Belgium and then moved on to Grenable, France, which is one of our largest glove markets. Grenable is a very beautiful city and affords one a splendid view of the snow-covered French Alps. It is a most picturesque, quaint place and the visitor is always given a most favorable impression of its charms. The drinking water here is deliciously cool but only the American visitors give it full appreciation for the French drink wine in preference.

"The best quality of champagne is made here and one can buy it for a mere pittance. There are miles and miles of vineyards in this section of the country and the natives make excellent use of the grapes for they consume great quantities with their wine-drinking habit. This year the many American tourists will no doubt lend aid to the consuming and give the wine the stamp of approval that it deserves.

"In Grenable there is also a very fine Art School and I was told that 375 Americans were numbered among its students last year. The fact that all of the manufacturers in Grenable spoke excellent English, made buying a pleasure. Some of them had even spent from two to ten years in America learning American methods.

"European manufacturers rarely sell their businesses. They pass it along to the eldest of their sons and thence it descends down the family lineage. Many of our glove manufacturers have businesses that have been using the same name for a hundred years and more.

MISS GRIFFIN ABOARD THE SHIP

"Here I got my first glimpse of the gloves for the coming fall season and was most favorably impressed with the beautiful color combinations and the fine hand workmanship. A buying trip to Europe in spring enables me to see the trend of glove fashions six months in advance of their season and purchases are made accordingly.

"In going through the glove factories and seeing all the different people who work on one pair of gloves, the thought strikes one that it is really mystifying how they can ever be sold at popular prices to the wearers. Each worker must be paid for the individual task performed and our own Uncle Sam puts the final touch on the cost with his high import duty.

"While on the other side I visited France, Italy, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Germany. In some places it was very difficult to transact business because the manufacturers knew little or no English and the foreign interpreters can hardly be relied upon to translate for a buyer the correct information about the merchandise that is so necessary. They are often at a loss to express themselves as clearly as they desire. Some manufacturers do speak and understand English fairly well and if one would give their

vocabulary a good test, a sure method is to say but a word of complaint against the quality of their merchandise. Then they will surprise you with their English and can be persuaded into using it throughout the conversation.

"Our store will have a beautiful line of Children's Gloves for the new Children's Glove Department that has been planned for fall and all styles suitable for children have been copied from the women's gloves I saw over there. 'Like Mother's' will be an apt description of this new line.

"I often wish that it were in my power to make the men, women and children of Pittsburgh wear gloves the year 'round as they do in Europe. There, the well dressed person never steps in the street without being gloved, and it is surprising to note the touch of completeness that is added to the costume in this way. It is a sensible, well-founded habit that is worth forming, 'Wear Gloves!'

"I was very fortunate in being present when the Dome of St. Peter's in Rome was lighted for the first time since 1870. This is the Church immortalized by Lord Byron in his poem and one of the most inspiring pieces of architecture of all ages. The canonization of St. Theresa, The Little Flower, was in progress the Sunday I visited St. Peter's and it was for this occasion that the Dome was being lighted. A more wonderful sight could hardly be witnessed.

"Five hundred thousand people from the entire world, representing practically every nation, were on hand to witness the ceremony. It took 350 men to light the 4,593 oil and wax lamps, each lamp had to be lit separately by a taper. They started to light them at six-thirty and finished at nine. I watched from the very beginning and will never forget the sight of it.

"In America, such a Dome would be lighted electrically and the hardship of lighting each light separately would be done away with—the entire lighting system would probably be controlled by a single switch. But in Europe they cling to the ancient way, more often the most difficult way.

"The same comparison may be noted in the glove industries of the Old and New Worlds. There, nearly all of the sewing is done by hand. One manufacturer showed me a new American glove machine that he had bought here a year ago for use in his European factory. The first day it was installed over there, one of the operators cut his hand on it. Now he cannot get any of the people in his employ to even look at it and they prefer to make gloves the slow, tedious way.

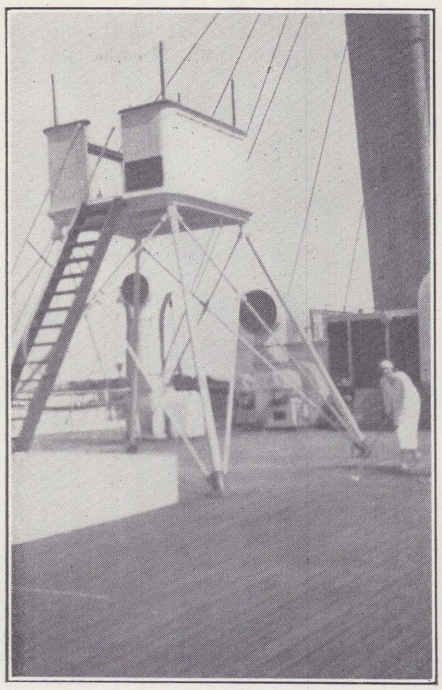
"I met Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and Miss Stoecker in London, shortly before I sailed for home and they all appeared to be in good health. It's a treat to meet some of the home folks over there, you know.

"We have every right to be very proud of our United States as all other nations admire us and watch everything done over here. They think we are a wonderful nation. One young man in our Florence office in Italy, told me that he hoped to see Niagara Falls some day. He has seen it in moving pictures and has marvelled at its beauty.

"I don't think we appreciate America as we should, but it seems a bit natural to go from one's home land to a foreign one and admire its beauty of scenery. In Europe they preserve all that is ancient and time-worn, in America we are always alert for what is new and improved. I'll take America for mine.

"I sailed from Plymouth, May 27th, on the 'Paris' and docked a day late, after a very rough passage across."

—HELEN GRIFFIN.



A SCENE ON THE SHIP

"China News"

Miss Fisher's pocket book happened to open up, and Oh! the love letters that fell out. We wonder when it is coming off.

Not mentioning any names, but a certain girl named Sadie Gardner said no man for her. But we caught her with her arms around a man. How about it, Sadie?

Mary Whorral, how about the Polish Sheik? Is he still coming around? I guess we will be missing her soon.

A Rainy Day Ride

Minister (closing Sunday sermon): "And, brothers, don't motor around with other men's wives."

Man in the congregation jumps up and snaps his fingers.

(Later, after church.)

Same man: "Preacher, I'm sorry I made that commotion in church but that sentence of yours just reminded me where I left my umbrella last night."—Bayology.

Mr. Hooper Leaves Us

After more than twenty-five years of service, Mr. James R. Hooper, our Art Department Chief, left the employ of the store to enter the free-lance art business. During the quarter of a century spent with us, Mr. Hooper made a host of friends here, every one of whom now extends to him wishes of success in his new undertaking.

His Ad Office associates and other friends about the store presented Mr. Hooper with a handsomely engraved gold watch as a token of their friendship and esteem. The Storagram here pays tribute to him and extends belated thanks for the many, many favors he has done us. His leaving will be remembered and felt by all who knew him for Mr. Hooper, first and always, is a gentleman of whose acquaintance any one of us can boast with pride. Good-bye and the best o' luck, Mr. Hooper.

An Odd Letter of Praise

The following letter of congratulation impressed Miss Dwyer so greatly that she sent it over to the news factory with the request that it be printed here. It's worth looking over we think.

"Dear Sir:

"Wish to congratulate you on your fine display of paintings, as it certainly is a fine showing and shows a wonderful American spirit.

"I think one of the best ways for you to have advertised, would have been to have sent out leaflets, (which I have seen), to the citizens of Pittsburgh. I am going to send some of them to my friends.

"I also think you have a wonderful establishment and your employes are certainly a credit to the store; especially the instructors and the ones who do the engaging. They have a wonderful spirit of refinement and co-operation. Of course, I am speaking of the majority, as there are always a few, (whom you meet in any business), who are indifferent to the needs of their fellow beings. But we have to overlook their shortcomings and look to the best of Humanity, and say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Sincerely yours,
"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."
"God Bless You."

Miss Malley Leaves Us

On Saturday, June 13, Miss Malley of the First Floor Service Desk brought to an honorable close a twelve year period of faithful endeavor and conscientious performance of duty. Since she came to Kaufmann's in 1913, Miss Malley had established for herself a warm place in the hearts of all of us and her leaving will be felt by all who knew her as a friend.

Her First Floor associates presented Miss Malley with a bird and bird cage at the time of her leaving, in a delightful surprise ceremony at her Service Desk. We extend to Miss Malley our fondest hopes that the future may be cloudless and happy.

"How would you punctuate this sentence? 'Margaret coming down the street in a split skirt smiled sweetly at the boys'."

"I would make a dash for Margaret."

Mr. Daugherty in Florida

This is a snapshot taken in the sunny South, with the popular Mr. Daugherty of the Ninth Floor as the subject. He spent the entire winter in the Flowery State, touring through Jacksonville, Miami, Coral Gable, West Palm Beach and the entire East Coast. Mr. Daugherty returned to the store on April 1 and has been busy ever since.

Basement Jottings

All her friends from the Basement wish Miss Jane Stone happiness, and hope she finds married life very successful. She will be Mrs. Max Jasik after July 8th.

What's the main attraction on the 5th Ave. aisle, Mr. Barner? How is Dorothy Mamula getting along these days? Look out for Joe.

The schools don't know what they are missing. Miss Fitzwater is wearing glasses too.

Mr. Lapel and Mr. Cohen are seen frequently at the Men's Furnishings Wrapping Desk in the Basement. Wonder what the attraction is?

Miss Meyers' friends in the store and on the street, don't recognize her since she's getting so thin.

Miss Price was welcomed back into the department after a sick spell.

Mr. Searight was surprised by being remembered by his girls with an umbrella on his birthday. He certainly was overjoyed.

Esther is so busy no one can do without her on the floor. All you hear is Esther! Esther!

We wonder how it feels to have a diamond as large as a ruby, Marcus? She is always smiling since it happened.

What's It Mean?

An anonymous query was received the other day reading: "Someone wants to inquire through the columns of 'The Storagram' when Messrs. Abbott, Adams, Blumenstock and the Editor himself, are going to begin wearing smocks?"

Daring Colors—*Who Can Wear Them*

Some customers can wear anything new, and some cannot.

A well dressed woman is one who selects her clothes to suit **Her Personality.** Each customer is a different problem. Her aim in choosing each new costume should be:

1. To "play up" her individual characteristics—to bring out her strong points.
2. To correct her weak points.

What Colors Are Most Becoming for These Customers?

Check the most flattering colors—add others—tear out this page with your comments and send it to the Editor. The best list will be published in the next issue.

Check the three most becoming colors for the following types of customers:

1. Girl with golden hair, fair skin, and blue eyes—

Black	Mauve
Emerald green	Nile green
Royal blue	Mulberry

2. Rather sallow medium light blonde with grey eyes—

Copenhagen blue	White
Orchid	Navy blue
Rose pink	Putty

3. Girl with dark brown hair and eyes, vivid coloring, and dark skin—

Electric blue	Chocolate brown
Geranium red	Buff
Mauve	Orange

4. Medium blonde with hazel eyes, fair skin, and high coloring—

Lip-stick red	Olive
Apricot	Alice blue
Lemon	Lanvin green

5. Girl with medium red hair, brown eyes, and delicate coloring—

Lemon yellow	Golden brown
Bishop purple	Copper
Soft green	White

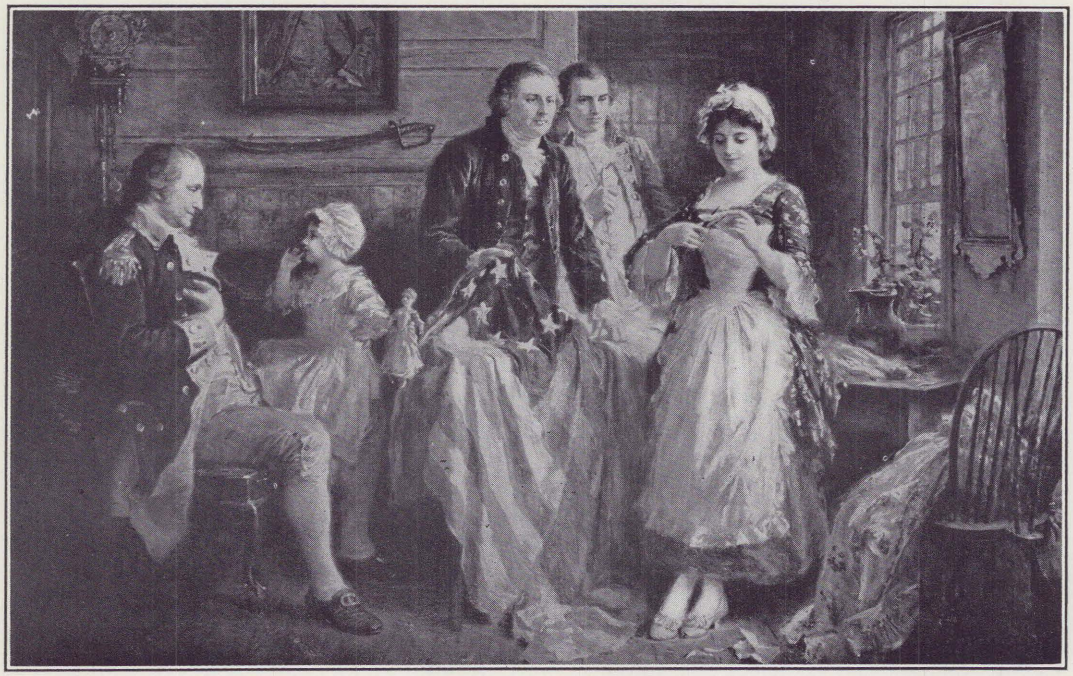
6. Large woman of medium coloring—

Flesh	Bottle green
Tangerine	Mid-night blue
Beaver	Silver grey

7. Slender elderly woman with steel grey hair, blue eyes, and olive skin—

Black	Silver grey
Royal blue	Peach
Golden brown	Jade

Research Bureau for Retail Training.



THE BIRTH OF OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

The above painting, one taken from our Anniversary window exhibit, portrays a memorable event in our country's history—the making of our nation's flag by Betsy Ross. She is shown here giving Major Ross and Mr. Robert Morris a demonstration of the cutting of the stars. General George Washington is being entertained by the child.

All of these paintings have a historic realism and faithfulness of detail that are particularly commendable and this is perhaps one of the best examples in the lot.

* * *

Get "Key Words" Planted In Customers' Mind

It is a well known principle of advertising that permanence in results depends upon "planting" one or two key words in the customer's mind related to the product. Selling is only applied advertising, so that the real salesperson can well adopt the same method. For example, in selling any toilet accessory a key word of prime importance is "Sterilized". This gives the customer the feeling that the product is not only pure chemically but has been manufactured under highly hygienic conditions. Naturally this would apply not only to all brushes, but to powder puffs, powder itself and other requisites, particularly lipsticks.

A Marriage Announcement

Dan Cupid has again found his way into the Restaurant Division with his usual result, a marriage. Miss Edna Steck of Mr. Menningke's office was married on June 24th to Mr. George Chisholm of the North Side.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to the newlyweds. May they have every joy and happiness that marriage can bring.

C. A. LEOPOLD.

Mr. Follett is Honored

In one of the most humorous ceremonies of the year, Mr. Follett of the Import and Statistical Offices was honored with a surprise shower arranged by his fellow-workers on Friday, May 29th. His desk was turned into a miniature church aisle and had a diminutive bride and groom there to give him a vision of the second of June when he marched down the oft-traversed way with Miss Irma Flickinger of Crafton.

The groom-to-be was presented with a beautiful Venetian mirror and a shower of kitchen utensils, each of which bore an appropriate epigram, as—"Just because you're married, don't quit spooning," which was attached to a wooden spoon. A shower of rice was enthusiastically joined in by everyone in the office.

Mr. Follet and his bride motored to Philadelphia, Atlantic City and Washington on their honeymoon. We all extend to them our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for future happiness.

Johnnie: "I love you so much, why I'd even die for you."

Emma: "Prove it."

What Your Customers Expect

When a customer enters your store, what does he expect of you? He has come in for the purpose of exchanging some of his money for some of your merchandise, but is the merchandise all that he is entitled to?

Strictly speaking, perhaps it is. But from a business standpoint, it isn't, because he's entitled to the same treatment from you that he can secure from other stores. And if he doesn't get what he's entitled to, he will go elsewhere for his future purchases.

Your customer expects reasonably prompt service, and has a right to it. He expects courtesy from the person serving him, and knows he can get it in other stores if not from your clerks. He expects you to have an adequate stock so that his requirements can be filled without the annoyance of going to another store or garage. And last but not least, he expects a neat store in which sales can be conveniently and quickly made, saving his time.

The "Retail Ledger" of Philadelphia recently made an investigation in fifteen hundred stores of all types and sizes, for the purpose of learning why customers stop doing business with stores. Here are the reasons,—analyze them and apply them to your own place of business:

Reason For Change	Percentage of Total
Prices too high	14
Dissatisfaction with quality	10
Delays in store service	10
Indifference of salespeople	9
Discourteous treatment	7
Overinsistence of salespeople	6
Unwillingness to exchange purchases	6
Tricky methods	6
Forcing of substitutes	6
Errors in service	5
Tactless handling of customers	4
Disorderly appearance of store	4
Delay in giving attention	3
Ignorance concerning goods	3
Objections to store policies not mentioned above	7
	100

Camp Ot-A-Be Opens

Commodore Wassel, of the Lamp Department announced last Sunday, June 21st, was the opening day of Camp Ot-A-Be. The camp is located on the same premises as previous years and plans are being laid to entertain many of the camp's store friends. Among those from "The Big Store" who recently attended a party at Camp Ot-A-Be were C. J. Wagner, Jewelry Department; S. S. Spokane, China Department; Betty Renkin, 4th floor; J. Geis, Forbes Street Delivery; R. M. Smith, North Side; Rose Bianchi, 10th floor, and A. Wassel, North Side Warehouse.

Welcome!

"We never let some gloomy guy
Offend the folks who come to buy;
We never keep a boy or clerk
With mental toothache at his work."

"With every sale, we give a smile
And try to please you all the while.
We're here to serve from morn' till night,
And want to do the thing that's right."

Miss Hobbs And Her Hobby

We have it in good faith that Miss Hobbs of our Sweater Section has for her hobby, the buying and wearing of shoes. She buys as many pairs in a month as an Army quartermaster and we can't imagine how she ever finds time to wear each pair at least once.

Miss Hobbs buys all of her shoes in our own Shoe Department of course, because she finds there the widest assortment of styles and has latitude for making the large selection she needs for her hobby. A few more shoes enthusiasts like her and the Shoe Department could get along without much advertising and confine its selling to store people alone.

Just Keep On Keepin' On

If the day looks kinder gloomy
An' your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
An' the prospect's awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jus' bristle up an' grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.
Fumin' never wins a fight,
An' frettin never pays;
There ain't no good in broodin' in
These pessimistic ways—
Smile jus' kinder cheerfully
When hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up, an' grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.
There ain't no use in growlin'
An' grumblin' all the time,
When music's ringin' everywhere,
An' everything's a rhyme—
Jus' keep on smilin' cheerfully,
If hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up, an' grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Getting Through the Warm Days of Summer

When the mercury in the thermometer reaches up so high that you think it's going to burst through the top and you have no desire to move from the shadow of an awning-protected verandah where you have a tall slim glass of iced lemonade at your elbow, the scent of honey-heavy flowers in your nostrils, and a busy electric fan pinch-hitting for mountain air and ocean breezes—then is the best time in all the world to have a good book to read. It's better by far than an afternoon of tennis (save that for cooler weather), golf (save that, too), bridge, dancing, or just plain ordinary loafing. Toying a little with the idea we've come to the conclusion that—even if you do go up to the mountains, say to Bear Run, or down to the beach where electric fans can be consigned, without being missed, to the limbo of the places you've escaped from—a good book should be taken along if only . . . just in case.

It can be the year 1925 in the month of June to the rest of the world but when you pick up Sabatini's "Carolinian" it will be the year 1774 in the life of Harry Latimer to you. You will live through the days of this young planter when the clouds of the Revolution darkened the sunny southern landscape and you will lose with him his fiancee and the friendship of her father. And you will go through the subsequent adventures in love and war set against the vivid background of the Revolution. And above all, you'll wonder why the weather bothered you just a moment before you began turning the pages of the book.

Then there is "The Clouded Pearl" by Berta Ruck: the story of Margaret Verity who was left a considerable fortune to use as she saw fit. And Irving Bachellor's "Father Abraham"—that brilliant stream of history flowing like a broad river through a rich and varied country—upholding early traditions, native in its humor, lofty in its ideals, homely in its philosophy, and cheerful, kindly, and appealing to the end.

Helen R. Martin's "Challenged" is another dramatic story of a Pennsylvanian town by the author of "The Snob" and Albert Payson Terhune's new book "Wolf" is a chronicle of the life and death of the graceless puppy of two beautiful thoroughbreds, Lad and Lady. Mr. Terhune knows dogs through and through and writes of them accordingly.

Peter B. Kyne begins "The Enchanted Hill" with a thrilling mystery and a girl. From these two elements springs one of the most gorgeous novels he has ever written.

Now there are six good novels for a start—each one is priced $2.00 in the Kaufmann's Book Section—and each contains enough excitement and diversion for an entire afternoon or more. I thank you.

Babette

An Imported Bride

Mr. Joe Mariano of the Ladies Alteration Department had a very profitable trip to Italy this winter. Joe came home the proud possessor of a wife.

On Saturday, May twenty-third, a message was delivered to the bridegroom that he was to meet someone on the Second Floor at four o'clock. Joe returned at 4:15 with a puzzled look on his face, and was met at the door by Mr. Odenheimer, who seemed displeased at the amount of time consumed by the trip downstairs. While chiding the unhappy Joe, Mr. Odenheimer skilfully guided him to the center of the floor where he could get the full effect of a lovely floor lamp, a gift from the Department.

After a short presentation speech by Mr. Odenheimer, Mr. Mariano expressed his thanks and was warmly applauded by his friends in the work-room, who all wished the couple a happy married life.

Prevention is Surest Protection

The most trifling illnesses are dangerous when neglected. Our graveyards are filled with people who "didn't mind a little cold" or refused to take care of those "little colds" at the proper time.

Medicines are not always to be depended upon and the doctor can't be expected to perform miracles when the patient has neglected to heed Nature's first warnings. Get your inspirations from the tombstones that cluster our burying grounds and seek good health before you give a thought to wealth.

We have a completely equipped, up-to-date hospital and it is always ready for your emergency neds. Let Doctor Wechsler, Miss Quinn or Miss Greene judge whether or not your little accidents or trifling sicknesses are serious enough for treatment. Watch your health, it's the most precious thing you own.

Anniversary Congratulations

The letters quoted here were all received by the Foreign Department prior to the opening of our 54th Anniversary Sale and are printed here that our readers may have an idea of the esteem in which our store is held by those who give us their patronage. Mr. Haas is indeed to be congratulated for having won so much friendliness from those whom his department serves.

It's a cheering thing to know that your store makes friends, not merely patrons, and that it inspires such a warm appreciation of its services. Our store serves to serve again and each successful sale must be so satisfactory that the customer will be glad to return.

Mr. Arnold Haas,
Kaufmann's Store,
City.
My Dear Mr. Haas:

This year, the celebration of the 54th Anniversary in your firm, offers me a most welcome opportunity to express my per usual congratulations to you. For there is no doubt, the marvelous success achieved by Kaufmann's "The Big Store", (with reference to the Foreign Department in whose clientele Italians are largely represented), is mostly due to your remarkable activity and ability as its manager.

Please accept my best wishes for the occasion and convey same to the entire personnel under your leadership.

Very truly yours,
FRANCESCO BALLANDI.

Mr. Arnold Haas,
Manager,
Kaufmann's Foreign Dept.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
My Dear Mr. Haas:

With pleasure I embrace the opportunity of your Anniversary to express to you my congratulations and best wishes for the future of your "BIG" establishment.

You have reached that point of efficiency where you interpret and satisfy the wishes of your numerous patrons, which means the whole population of Greater Pittsburgh. They can feel right "at home" whenever they avail themselves of your invitation to shop at your "Big Store".

You rightly deserve your high reputation as outfitters of the home and clothiers of men, women and children, because the people know that they can procure exactly what they desire and always get real service.

"The Big Store" has now become a permanent institution in this city; it stands for service and satisfaction; Kaufmann's and Pittsburgh are inseparable; they identify each other.

Yours very truly,
M. STANCATI.

MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL RECTORY
7800 Bennett St., E. E.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Mr. Arnold Haas,
Manager Foreign Dept.,
Kaufmann's Big Store,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
My Dear Sir:

From the Pittsburgh papers I learn with great pleasure that this coming June the Kaufmann Store will celebrate the 54th Anniversary of its inauguration, and I wish to be allowed to congratulate the marvelous firm for the great success achieved during all these years of life and work among the Community of Pittsburgh.

But in a very special manner I wish to congratulate you, Mr. Haas, for as Manager of the Foreign Dept. in said store you have accomplished much for the welfare of the foreign element and especially for our Italians. I know that they have been protected in the investments of their savings and helped immensely in their dealings with "The Big Store". The Italian personnel employed by the store to coaduvate the Italian purchasers is most efficient and has pleased the Italians above all expectation.

Renewing my congratulations, I remain
Yours respectfully,
REV. F. B. FRANCESCO.
Pastor.

Eleventh Floor Notes

At a recent selling campaign conducted by the Victor Talking Machine Co., assisted by the Pittsburgh jobbers and dealers, Kaufmann's Victrola Department captured three First Prizes and one Second Prize.

Mabel Spahn received First Prize—$50 in gold—for having the largest volume of record sales in downtown Pittsburgh; Mr. Leander Kirstein received Second Prize—$50 in gold—for being runner-up in volume of Victrola sales.

Helen McDavitt received First Prize—$15 in gold—for selling the most "Flapper Wife" records. Helen's our flapper on the Main Floor, you know, and it was no effort for her to cop high honors. Mr. Van Holde received First Prize—$15 in gold— for selling the largest number of Music Arts Library Record Set. Mr. Van Holde is quite well versed in this line and a fine salesman as well.

The entire department was entertained at a Dinner Dance at the Morrowfield Apartment Hotel when the awards were made known and it was indeed a source of pride for all to learn that our store had made such a splendid showing.

Selma Pfankuch, for many years in the Victrola-Piano Office on the Eleventh Floor, was married to Mr. Carl Dagenhart on June 17th. Her many friends congratulate Mr. Dagenhart and wish both all the happiness that can possibly be theirs.

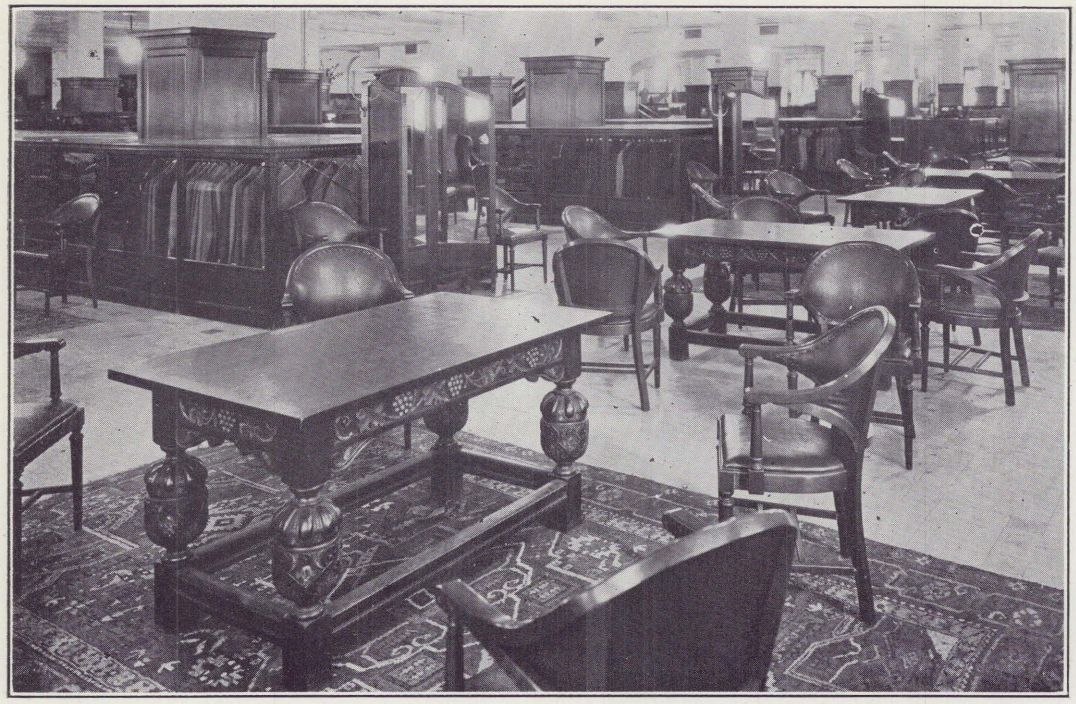
Mr. and Mrs. Dangenhart will be at home after July 1st in their new home on Spencer Avenue. Carrick, after the trip along Honeymoon Route, by way of Niagara, Detroit and Canada, is completed.

The Victrola Department entertained the seven representatives of the Victor factory at a dinner in our private Dining Room and finished the evening's entertainment at Kaufmann's 54th Anniversary Ball at the William Penn Hotel. Our guests, as well as the department folk themselves, enjoyed a very delightful evening.

—N. FLUKE.

Don: "Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest."

Nellie: "Custard Pie."



OUR SECOND FLOOR MEN'S CLOTHING SECTION

This is now regarded as one of the most beautiful departments of its kind in the entire country. Kaufmann's and Pittsburgh take a joint pride in this newly furnished department.

* * *

She's Mrs. Thomas J. Drew Now

June is the month of Romance as well as a month of high volumes in the store here and this is given best proof by the number of weddings that reached editorial ears lately. None however, was so surprising as the bombshell thrown by Miss Florence Craig shortly before we went to press, when she announced her marriage.

The ceremony took place on Tuesday, June 23rd, and the fortunate man is Mr. Thomas J. Drew of this city. The newlyweds had intended to keep their marriage a secret but there was a hitch in their plans somewhere, and the secret became the most startling store news of the month.

Miss Craig's desk that day was the congregating spot of every person on the Tenth Floor and she was kept quite busy responding to their good wishes and felicitations. We'll have to get used to that "Mrs. Drew" name now and hope that she will stay with us even though she is married. We haven't heard of her plans of course, but whatever they may be, she is sure to carry with her the wishes of happiness from every friend in the store—and from The Storagram as well.

Some Appreciated Remarks

A fellow-worker was heard to remark after reading in the May "Storagram" the article by Mr. F. John Kiefer—"Well, that's fine—the rock representing the executives as the foundation; the gravel and heavy sediment representing the merchandising men and buyers; the sand and lighter sediments representing the assistants of all kinds in the store populace; the extraneous matter representing the employee with little sincere interest of store at heart . . . . and cement is represented by attentive service and congenial co-operation."

—"ZEKE."

The Storagram for May is a credit to any store in this grand United States—and we should feel proud of it.

—An Employee, "ZEKE."

(We blush to type this, "Zeke". Thanks very much for the boost.)

Having seen but two issues of The Storagram, I assume it to be the mouth-piece of each employee and believe it would assist the diligent staff who produce it, if more employes would contribute to the Editorial Dep't.

—"ZEKE."

(Again you score a hit, "Zeke". You're a man after our own hearts.)

In Our Print Shop

As you walk into our Print Shop
You'll see there by the door
Mr. Spencer laying out the jobs
That are needed in the store.

And a little further in you find,
Parelli at the type case;
He pies a lot it's true enough,
But he keeps an earnest face.

In the press room is our Izzy,
Feeding stock into the press;
But even when he's busy,
The time he'll closely guess.

Friend Al is Izzy's boss in here,
That's a job that's hard to tell;
For when Izzy slows up in his work,
He gets it from Estell.

In the Binding Room a demure maid
Sure has energy to burn,
She lived an hour without a word,
A record for our Fern.

A newly married maid is Nan,
Since first her husband kissed her,
She's dreaming in her work here now,
We almost wish Ray missed her.

Another bindery expert here,
Receives her business mail;
She's quiet and works very hard,
We like our Anna Dahl.

This bunch together handle work,
With speed and with real care,
The best Print Shop that you will find
In a store most anywhere.

MRS. BOSWORTH.

Eddie Hunvald Back Again

After an absence of almost five years Eddie Hunvald has strayed back to our fold again and is proceeding to cut his niche in store history from the Advertising Office where he is now stationed. In the interim between this and his last term with Kaufmann's, Eddie has covered a lot of territory, from Boston to Memphis, and has made rapid strides in progress as well.

While in Memphis Eddie took unto himself a wife and brought his fair partner back to Smokytown shortly after he had settled himself here. He's much the same Eddie of old but is a more quiet version since he became teamed up. We hope that he will find his work here much to his liking and trust he will be met with success at every turn.

Cupid

We think Rose Lebowitz must have something up her sleeve, although she says it's her arm. She even made arrangements for a bridesmaid at her wedding.

Something Stunning

Mr. Wilcox: "Your old friend Miss Connelly would like to know if you are married yet and if there's still a chance for her."

What Ambition Means

Two men of wealth puttered away in a dingy shed not many years ago, as they strove to make a machine that would defy the laws of gravity—to do what hitherto had been undone. They were brothers and men of good repute with their townspeople who, while they believed them to be "queer" in their ways, smiled amusedly at the earnestness of their experiments.

Many friends sought to dissuade them from becoming the laughing-stock of the country, but the brothers kept doggedly on until their task was completed. The trial day arrived and the newly finished machine was wheeled to a clearing, while neighbors nudged one another and made witty remarks about the oddity of the machine.

The motor coughed, gasped and finally sputtered into a steady series of explosions. The pilot clambered into the seat, grasped the controls and the awkward machine was in motion. It lumbered along, gathered speed and finally left the earth in a graceful climb. Ambition had made another conquest.

Pessimism and ridicule are strangers to Ambition. The ambitious is blind to detours from the directness of his course. Are you bothered by opinions or deterred by warnings of failure?

Sporting Goods Personals

Only the Anniversary Sale could break Katherine's last case of love sickness.

Mr. Danner belongs to the thinning ranks of men who pronounce bicycle with the second "y" like in "eye".

Leo and Dan are again taking ten minute periods for lunch. (II guess they need the bonus money.)

Eddie Moore wins the prize in the "Be Pleasant" Contest. He has a "Wear-Ever" smile.

Rawl and ball would make good end words in a rhyme about Anna Rice.

If you want to know the location of any item a customer might ask for, dial 335 on the Automatic and ask for Miss Barry.

In the last official count, we find that Heslip knows three girls out of every four that come here to buy.

We cannot understand how a tent customer gets out alive if Miller, Hollins and Dave see him at the same time.

—DAN SPISAK.

We wonder if Mr. Englert will make his visits to the Auditing Office as frequently, after Miss Voelker leaves our office to be married?

Here's wishing her luck.

A number of girls from the Auditing Office were guests at a dinner given by Mrs. I. Thomas of Mt. Washington, in honor of her daughter, Millie, employed in the Auditing Office, who was recently married.

Music, dancing and games were the diversions of the evening.

Mrs. S. C. Laughman received many beautiful presents from the girls, and judging from the reports the following morning, they all must have had a wonderful time.

A CORNER IN OUR ART GOODS SECTION

This luxurious department is one of the store's beauty spots since it was refurnished and relocated. It provides an excellent setting for the beautiful merchandise displayed here and excites much admiration from all who visit it.

Toilet Goods Gossip

The department has been in a bustle due to our recent moving. We are all settled now and most of the girls like their new spaces better than the old ones.

Mr. Paley, our buyer, is traveling through Europe and we hope he enjoys himself. The department presented him with a brief case before his departure.

Miss Mildred Robb, Mr. Paley's stenographer, is kept busy these days even though Mr. Paley is away. She is on the job every day and seldom is away.

Harry Swaney is very popular with the girls in the department. What do you do for them that makes you so popular, Harry?

Jerry Remark, our stockman, sure likes to put up an argument with the girls in the department. Do you enjoy arguing with the girls, Jerry?

Miss Esther Shieck and Mrs. Baird of the Drug Stockroom, are getting their share of the warm weather we are having. Open the windows and get a breeze from the river.

Christine Gazzam who marks all Drugs and Toilet Goods is a steady worker and we wish we had a few more like her around.

Andy Moeslein who unpacks for the Toilet Goods Department is the life of the party. You can always hear Andy singing. He seldom looks sad or downhearted.

Camera Department Flashes

Joe Miller of the Camera and Artists Supplies Department recently told us of his engagement to Miss Marion Schwerin. Mrs. Berger describes Joe's fiancee as being the "sweetest ever" and we believe she's right for Joe has good taste in picking 'em.

Miss Barley, while in Altoona some time ago, ran her Ford sedan plump into a concrete street sentinel in the middle of the road. It was her first trip in the car. Evidently she wanted to get acquainted with all of its bad habits first.

Miss Metcalf has avoided giving us cause to write any personals about her but we'll get her yet. She is a very popular girl and has a number of courtiers at her heels all of the time, but favors only one.

Russell Carrier is the sheik of the department and the most "collegiate" rug hopper that ever stepped behind one of our counters. Russ is a good scout and is very well liked by all of us.

Mrs. Berger is very fond of giving "leads" on personals about others but is a regular clam when asked to speak of herself. We'll see what kind of an accident she has this summer—then make it a topic of a cartoon in our magazine.

Educational Notes

Customer's First, Please, Ever and Always

Two salesgirls behind a toilet goods counter were engaged in a personal conversation regarding anticipated evening's social activities when a customer approached the counter about an hour before closing time. "I want to look my best of course, and I am so tired now that I know I will look like a wreck," one salesgirl said to the other, and the second one said, "Well, give yourself a good facial as soon as you get home," and then her voice trailed off, as the customer definitely asked if she could be waited on.

"What did you want?" the salesgirl asked, continuing her conversation in snatches as she brought out and listlessly displayed the article the customer had asked for. A sale was made, principally because the customer did not have time to go to some other store, in all probability; but certainly this particular shop did not register very high in her estimation as the result of the transaction.

Keep Your Brain Working For The Benefit Of Your Business Advancement

Go to the boss with lots of ideas—he likes it. That is if he is the right kind of a boss.

Your ideas may be considered impractical but he will give you credit for thinking about your job and that is worth a lot to you.

Ideas of yours which the boss uses may not immediately show results in your pay envelope, but your time is not wasted.

You are building for yourself a permanent place in the institution where you work, by making yourself indispensable to your firm.

You use thought to produce more constructive thought.

Some day you may hit upon some big idea of great financial benefit to you, if you keep evolving ideas.

It pays to be in the thinking class.

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Why Stockings Wear Out

The average woman's step is about 26 inches. This means about 2,437 steps to a mile. Or 12,185 steps in a 5-mile day.

The average woman weighs about 100 pounds. Therefore, in ONE SINGLE DAY her feet have withstood the weight of 610 tons.

And the stockings must stand this pressure. Do you wonder stockings wear out?

—EXCHANGE.

The Prize Winners of Our Service Shopping Contest for 1925

The following are the prize-winners of the annual shopping service contest and were awarded prizes during the Courtesy and Interest Campaign: Miss K. Wilson, Mrs. O. Defibaugh, Miss Reichbaum, Mrs. Blenko, Miss Shaw, Miss H. La Brenz, Mr. Kelly, Miss Barley, Mrs. Wates, Miss Hannigan, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Partee, Miss Bittner, Mr. Euler, Miss Stilgenbauer, Miss Clifferty, Miss Neale, Miss Conrad, Mrs. Huggins, Mr. Siverin, Miss Martin, Miss Putney, Miss Schultz, Mr. Heslip, Mrs. Peterins, Miss Stevens, Miss Himes, Mrs. Brown, Mr. R. Ross, Miss Johns, Mrs. Wall, Miss Jacobs, Mr. Walter Meyers, Miss O'Leary, Mr. Gabril, Mr. Kifer, Miss Kasper, Miss Gardner, Miss Hoerste, Mrs. Grau, Mrs. Neil, Mr. Murray, Mrs. Mooney, Miss Greenfield, Mr. Elly, Miss Glick, Miss Rafferty, Miss L. Kiefer, Miss Dawson.

Customers Need Help In Selecting

You may be showing a customer two or three different styles of veiling or neckwear, all of which are good from the standpoint of style, and possibly of practically equal value from the point of veiw of individual becomingness. The customer is undecided. She cannot make up her mind. Finally she turns to you, and holding a bit of veiling against her face, or a piece of the neckwear against her frock, asks which you think is best. It is all important that you express some opinion. To say merely, "Well, they are both good. It is just a matter of which one you like best," is giving the customer no help at all. The fact that she has not decided, but puts the matter up to you, lays upon you the responsibility of helping her. Quickly put yourself mentally in the customer's place, think which you would choose, and tell her so.

—Selected

Educational Notice

Any employee desiring to brush up in Arithmetic or Busigess English can make application in the Training Department Tenth Floor

K

Frances Schultheis

THE STORAGRAM

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P. D. PORTERFILD, *Artist*

JUNE 1925

Our Anniversary Windows

Year after year the people of Pittsburgh look to Kaufmann's windows at Anniversary time for a display worthy of the occasion—and never, since we inaugurated the idea, have they been disappointed. Each successive year the windows won increased admiration, for each year found something newer, more appealing than the last.

When 1925 rolled around and June brought with it the time of commemorating our 54th Anniversary, an expectant public found the best treat of all awaiting them—and what a treat! A pictorial history of America—original paintings all of them, vividly and faithfully portraying the highlights of our country's history from the landing of Columbus to the death of our Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.

The paintings, which will live as a monument to the memory of J. L. G. Ferris, their creator, are correct in every detail and as accurate as the most scrupulous of historians would have them. For about twenty years, the most fruitful of a lifetime, Mr. Ferris scoured about the country in search of data to insure the correctness and faithfulness of the characters and settings in the paintings.

There were sixty-three in all and each a masterpiece in its own way, giving the people of the Twentieth Century a true insight into the historical incidents of their forefathers time.

Pittsburgh A Great Buying Center

Recent statistics compiled by M. Hoke Gottschall, director of the Bureau of Statistics and Information at Harrisburg show that, during the year of 1924, Allegheny county had a per capita retail purchase of $464.62 compared to $424.23 for Philadelphia. The year's volume of retail sales in Allegheny county was $500,992,370.

The Pittsburgh citizen, according to these figures, spends more than $40 in excess of what the average Philadelphian spends. What is more interesting, 1924 was the first year during which the average retail sale per person was greater in Allegheny county than it was in Philadelphia county. So 1925, with better business conditions ahead, should bring about an even greater increase for our own county.

"Private Generosity to Open Swimming Pools"

"Edgar J. Kaufmann's generosity will permit the opening of the municipal swimming pools at once. The city announces that Mr. Kaufmann has offered to meet the expense of operating the pools, seven in number, until the date on which the city itself will be prepared to provide the funds and do its own work.

"While giving Mr. Kaufmann full credit for the pleasure and health that thousands of the young will find in the pools during the hot spell, the public cannot very well avoid deploring the stupidity, or worse, which has kept the pools closed during the sweltering heat of the last week or ten days—"

This is an excerpt from a scathing editorial against the laxity of the city administration and is reprinted from the Monday evening, June 8th, issue of The Pittsburgh Press. The other newspapers of the city also commended very highly the generous offer of our President and publicly thanked him in their columns.

Mr. E. J.'s offer was made during the sweltering days in early June when the city pools were all closed for lack of operating money and the kiddies throughout the city were made very happy when the pools were opened. This is but one bit of philanthropy out of many that have been performed by our store chief executive and his name is inscribed in the hearts of thousands who have benefitted by his generous, open-hearted gifts.

Initiative

The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing—and that is Initiative.

What is Initiative?

I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia; those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when someone goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it; he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

"Where are you going, daughter?"
"Downstairs to get some water."
"In your nightgown?"
"No, in this pitcher."

A VIEW OF OUR NEW CAMERA DEPARTMENT

This is a recent photograph of our Camera Department on the Second Floor, in its newest location, having been moved there more than a year ago after many years on the other side of the elevators. It is one of the largest departments of its type in any department store and has been a successful one here ever since its institution.

The store people favor it with all their trade and it renders an exceptional quality of work in developing and printing the films of our amateur photographers. Its personnel consists of: Mrs. C. C. Berger, Buyer; Mr. J. E. Miller, Miss L. Metcalf, Miss F. Barley and Russell Carrier.

* * *

Remember The Other Fellow

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man", said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head—

"Good friend, in the path I have come", he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

—ANON.

A Hand On The Shoulder

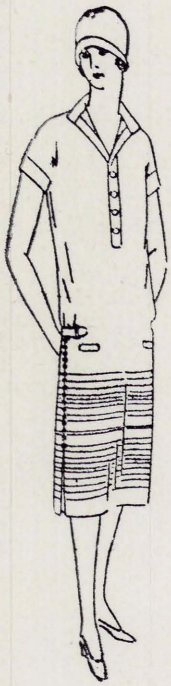
When a man ain't got a cent,
And he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark and heavy,
And won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren,
Fer a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder
In a friendly sort of way.

It makes a man feel curious,
It makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter
In the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes,
You don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
With its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses—
But a good world after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
Leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder
In a friendly sort o' way.

—SELECTED.

GAY AS A FLOWER WHEN WORK'S OVER



Every girl needs a whole flock of little crepe de chine sports frocks—and they cost so little if she makes them herself. Here's an easy one, slim, but with plenty of room. Blue-pencil blue? Sunshine yellow? Pink? . . . . They are all smart this year.

When you get home, why not hop into something bright and gay and cool, like this bit of printed silk with the ruffled jabot? Easy to make. Easy to look at. Only 1 7-8 yards of 54-inch silk needed, and two hours' time . . . . Well, why not make it?

Days go well when the night means dancing in a wisp of chiffon with rippling cascades on its brief skirt. The dress is one straight piece; the cascades are five more, equally straight. Any girl can make it if she has the edges picoted . . . . And isn't it smart?

ASK OUR VOGUE PATTERN SALESGIRLS TO SUGGEST OTHER NEW DESIGNS

VOGUE PATTERNS NEAR THE FABRICS — SIXTH FLOOR

Dame Rumor Tells Us

Mr. Keller of the Basement has been very cautious about bragging of the low scores he makes since the announcement of our Store Golf Tournament was made. Mr. Kuehn however, doesn't seem to realize what he's doing when he tells of the brilliant cards he turns in. He'll sing a different tune we bet, when the time comes for the awarding of handicaps.

Mr. Filson has been mentioned as the most suitable candidate to break the ice at Bear Run pool but a little job like this has no terrors for him. He's the one and only Eskimo up there—stays in the water longest and enjoys it the most.

Speaking of Bear Run, it is our fondest hope that somebody tricks Herb Heyman into some sort of a shock he won't forget in moons. He played the meanest trick of the season last year when he persuaded the writer that the water was "fine".

Now that Phil Paley has turned foreigner for a spell, it is expected he will bring back a more complete report than Gen. Dawes. Paley will soon dig to the roots of European troubles and ought to be a headliner at the first Buyers' Meeting after his return.

Dan Wolfe, the Night Superintendent, hasn't figured in the news for such a spell that we're inclined to believe he is turning into a blushing violet. But then it is rather hard to be in the limelight when the others sleep, isn't it?

Mr. McGhee has put in a bid for fame. He asserts that the Book Department is the most complete Bureau of Information in the store. If you want to know what to give the baby when it has the colic, of how to wear your permanent wave in the rain, or where your lap goes when you stand up—ask Mr. McGhee and his Book Department. They have their fingers on more information than the writer of encyclopedias.

Dick Walker of the Third Floor is one of the nobbiest dressers of the store. He always appears as though he just stepped from a band-box.

Archie Greiner and Schulman are training together at McCourt-Ellis Parlors for a crack at Ralph Greenleaf's title, or whoever it is that holds the pocket billiards title.

We saw Mr. Hirsh of the Tenth Floor in the Barber Shop one day and he was buying everything on the shelf. A week or so later we caught him in the Hospital having his face lifted or his nose remodeled or something like that. Some people are never satisfied, are they?

Talking to Bert Traub the other day we noticed he was hatless and wondered if he was fearing baldness. He caught our inquiring glance and grinned as he said: "I always wear a hat down here in the Basement. You see I spend so much of my time at the desk that I'm not on the floor as often as before, and consequently don't have to fear being mistaken for a salesman or a floorman. Besides, we people in the Basement must keep up appearances out of pride for our floor." With which snappy rejoinder he squelched our "Ha-Ha!"

Saw our Men's Furnishings Buyer on the Schenley course the other day idly following his caddy after a long drive. Mr. Powers is an imposing figure in his golfing outfit and displays plenty of form with his long-distance drives. A while later we noticed Mr. Friedlander and his daughter on the same course. Mr. Friedlander got away a good shot just as we noticed him. His daughter did not fare so well with her drive but made up with a beautiful recovery when she played an iron shot a la Collett.

Don't see so much of Hornberger lately and wonder whether he ever visits the other floors or not. Maybe he's going to "high-hat" the rest of us now that he's up on that aristocratic Eleventh Floor.

We have firm-founded suspicions that Mundorf is the mysterious "Zeke" who makes his bow in this issue. It has been so rumored from a reliable source and we're going to gamble on the truth of the rumor by publicly acknowledging and thanking Mr. Mundorf for such excellent contributions.

Among the most curious of the store there is much discussion as to whether Jack Hanlan hides his necktie because of bashfulness or whether he wears it that way because it doesn't interfere with his soup swallowing. That half-hidden necktie is an institution with him and a real distinguishing mark if there ever was one.

You've got to hand the flowers to Mr. Jacobi when it comes to having a sense of humor. That fellow gets more kick out of a joke than a half-dozen other people and he's so rarely on the wrong end of the joke that we'd actually enjoy hearing of someone who got the best of him at least once.

Miss Dwyer is losing favor in the editorial office since she has adopted such a secretive stand on dishing out gossip. She's on the front porch for more sparkling news than any person in the store and it's a shame she has become so close-mouthed lately. Well, we'll worry along till we get a chance to repay her in her own coin.

It has been rumored that Mr. Clarkson visited Mr. Jacobi with a request for a new blackboard. He must want to make a couple of speeches. His animated figure cartoons are certainly spicy and pointed—but he calculates 'way ahead of the chalk most of the time.

The only fellow we ever heard who could hold a candle to Joe Meyers was Heck of the Forbes St. Warehouse. We're going to write about that testimonial dinner to Jack Hanlan in the next issue and give Mr. Heck the full mead of praise such an address deserves.

"Ike" Hohenstein is contemplating a trip to Europe to visit some of his old haunts in Paris. We don't think he will wander very far from Paris at that because when Ike goes on a pleasure trip it's nothin' else but. Europe will be an interesting place if he gets there before Paley comes home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Abbott are risking the loss of their "Storagram" subscription if they fail to get Kodak views of the interesting places across the water. We have a standing request that every Kaufmann-ite who goes overseas should

keep the magazine in mind and bring back some interesting notes and pictures of the trip.

A pertinent inquiry reaches us asking Mr. Blumenstock what Tom Mix is calling his dog.

The same inquirer asks whether Schleicher is going to surprise us very soon or not but the query is so vague that we can't enlarge upon it.

Hotchkiss is a familiar figure on the Main Floor nowadays. 'Tis said that he has a penchant for greeting the suburban shoppers and making them feel at home here in the big city.

Mr. Harris of the China Department has a fondness for drinking buttermilk on Diamond Square and also for taking afternoon strolls, we hear.

New Ad-People Are With Us

We welcome to the store family a quartet of newcomers who are now members of the Advertising group: Mrs. Gretchen Thompson, Miss Rosanna Louise Berghane, Miss Katherine Rowell, and Miss Margaret Weiland.

Mrs. Thompson is a copy-writer who has had considerable advertising experience and comes to us with a splendid record of service in this and other cities. She seems perfectly content here and we trust she will enjoy a most pleasant time in her connection with this store.

Miss Berghane is Mr. Blumenstock's new secretary, having assumed this position after leaving Wilson College. She seems ideally suited for her work here and ought to make fine progress in her new work.

Miss Rowell is another new copy-writer fresh from college, not too fresh you know, just pleasantly agreeable. She will write copy for the Children's Departments and we look expectantly for increased business to reward her efforts. Miss Rowell is a native Pittsburgher and comes here from Pitt.

Miss Weiland is our latest acquisition on the Artists Staff and is a product of Carnegie Tech's fine art course. She's a sister of the Miss Weiland of the Executive Offices and Mr. Fred Weiland our genial Paymaster, and ought to be acclimated here early with such a background.

The Storagram wishes all the newcomers well, (not forgetting Eddie Hunvald either), and hopes that they will find that we fill the bill as congenial, friendly associates. Good Luck!

Be the Best

If you can't be a pine on the top of a hill,
Be a Scrub in the Valley.
But the best little scrub by the side of the rill.
Be a bush if you can't be a tree,
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
And some highway happier make.
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass,
But the liveliest bass in the lake.
We can't all be captains, some have to be crew,
There's something for all of us here.
There's work to be done and we've all got to do
Our part in a way that's sincere.
If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be a sun, be a star.
It isn't by size that we win or we lose,
Be the best of whatever you are.

—Y's Old Owl.

Our Advertising Romeo

Bashful Dan Kaldor will detest this publicity but we can't let the opportunity pass. It has been rumored from a reliable source that he recently visited a very attractive widow and her equally attractive daughter, presumably to play his violin.

Of course, Dan will deny it, but one informer claims that he really paid the visit in the role of a Romeo and carried the violin to serenade the fair pair—not to play duets or any such thing.

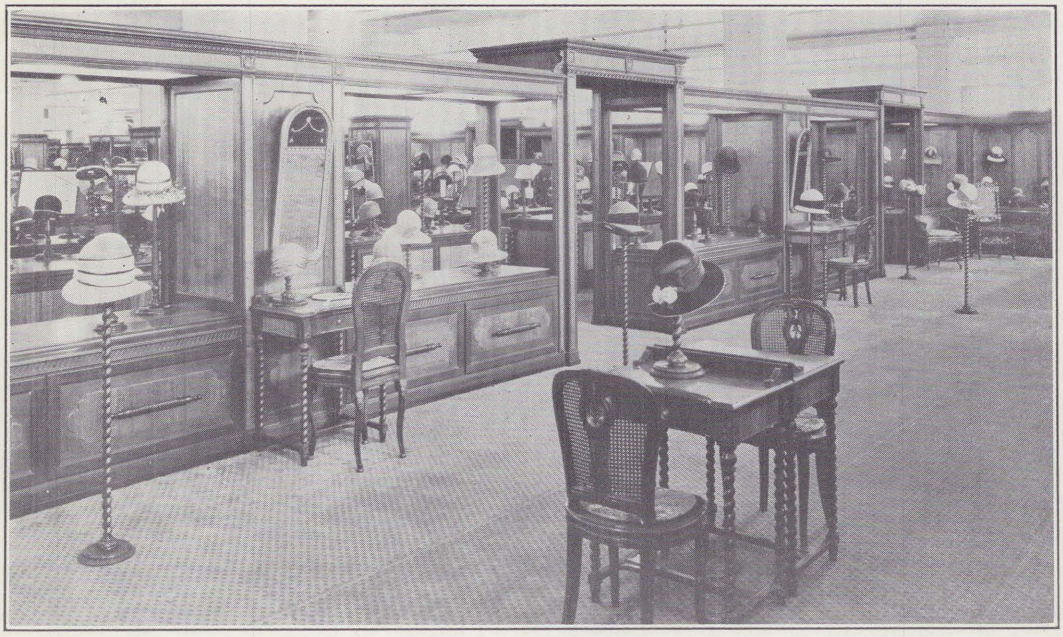
COMFORT

Say, you've struck a heap of trouble—
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
Health is failing, wish you'd die—
Why, you've still the sunshine left you
And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze.
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;
These, and none can weigh their worth.
What! You're tired, and broke, and beaten?
Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above,
You've got nearly all that matters—
You've got God, and God is love.

—By Robert W. Service.



THE "ADORIA" ROOM IN OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Here a chaste beauty and refinement of furnishings aid materially the selling of our choicest, most exclusive millinery.

* * *

Unusual Uses of Paper Clips

A recent investigation of the actual uses to which paper clips are put in the average office disclosed the following facts:

Of 100,000 paper clips, there are used for

Lingerie clasps	7,160
Bobbed hair holders	10,801
Pipe cleaners	3,163
Emergency garter clasps	802
Ear reamers	5,534
Lamp shade holders	192
Shirt sleeve adjusters	4,183
Ford repair parts	5,308
Tooth picks	9,012
Bachelor buttons	7,200
Cuff links	5,302
Poker chips	19,413
Olive stabbers	406
Eversharp pencil repair kit	7,324
Toys to use while telephoning	14,163
Holding papers together	28
Total	100,000

A fool there was and he saved his rocks, even as you and I; but he took them out of the old strong box when a salesman called with some wild-cat stocks, and the fool was stripped down to his socks, even as you and I.

A Contribution

In such a large family of readers as The Storagram has, I feel sure there are some who would enjoy the following:

Truth is a hidden jewel, it does not glitter upon the street for the passer-by to see and pick up. The flower of knowledge does not grow in the garden of Everyday Life. It must be searched for in the hidden places, hunted upon the hillsides and the steep inclines of the pathway we all tread. Like the arbutus, it is concealed, hard to find, difficult to get; like the arbutus, too it is beautiful and a full reward to him who seeks and finds.

Whatever the goal may be, in earth or in heaven, the whole secret lies in proceeding to that goal.

Backbone is the essential to the standing power of the human body, and the standing power of character is its essential element.

The price of retaining what we know is always to seek to know more. We preserve our learning and mental power only by increasing them.

True dignity does not depend on the place we occupy in life, but on the spirit and manner in which the duties of the place are acquitted.

A man should never be ashamed to admit he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

A man's success in life depends more upon his character than upon his talents or his genius.

A Friend Passes On

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave."
—GRAY.

On Saturday afternoon, June 20th, the many friends of Mr. Hugh A. Nelson of our Planning Department, were shocked immeasurably to learn of his death. He succumbed after an illness of three weeks, having been removed to the Allegheny General Hospital but a day before his death.

Since November, 1922, Mr. Nelson has been a member of our store family and a prime favorite with all who knew him. Whether at camp or in the store, he was always in holiday spirits and perhaps the most cheerful, genial person in the entire establishment.

With his passing goes some sunlight for it is men such as Mr. Nelson who bolster our faith in the goodness of the world. We mourn him as one who has left us a bit sadder for his going but see in his departure, the start of his newest voyage, the trip toward a justly deserved eternal reward. May God bless the world with many more of Mr. Nelson's stamp!

Mrs. Nelson, his widow, wishes to thank the store people for their tributes and messages of condolence. She is grateful for the thoughtfulness of Mr. Nelson's associates and offers her public acknowledgment and thanks to them.

Miss Malley Leaves Us

"Remember girls, our home is open to you all at any time. Both my husband and myself look forward with pleasure to your expected visits."

This extract was taken from a letter sent to the Service Desk girls of the store from their former Chief, Mrs. Herbert Brownhill, or, as she is best known to us, Miss Malley.

The store family has seen quite a number of people leave this institution to cast their lot on the sea of matrimony, but of all who have gone, there is none who will be missed as our congenial Katherine with her wonderful personality and charming smile.

In her usual quiet manner, she has left us with one outstanding thought, that is, to follow her own excellent example and produce the best results in our end of the store's service, by showing the same friendly spirit and loyalty to our new chief, Miss Burkhart, who was Miss Malley's able assistant.

To Miss Malley we wish all the luck in the world and will always be glad to have her visit us in our daily work and pass along some words of encouragement.

Sincerely,
THE SERVICE DESK GIRLS'
ORGANIZATION.

Farewell Dinner to Mr. Vanderslice

A farewell dinner was given on May 16 in honor of one who had been one of us for a number of years, Mr. George H. Vanderslice, who was Assistant to the Manager of the department, Mr. Gus J. Linder. Those who attended the affair were as follows: George H. Vanderslice, guest of honor; Robert P. Wilcox, Superintendent of Warehouses; B. T. Smith, General Manager of Furniture Dep't.; Gus J. Linder, Manager of Furniture Dtp't.; S. S. McCready, Floor Manager; Louis M. Dean, Eighth Floor Superintendent; John B. Heilman, Albert F. Lhota and J. C. White, all of the Office Staff, Lawrence Sefton, entertainer, and Charles H. Rebsher, Toastmaster.

Mr. Sefton entertained for a while then Mr. Smith opened the oratory with a reading of "The Talisman" and, making the presentation, concluded his bit by wishing Mr. Vanderslice good luck. Mr. Smith's address was loudly and generously applauded by all.

Mr. Gus Linder was next with a brief outline of the duties of himself and Mr. Vanderslice in which he gave credit and appreciation to the work of Mr. Vanderslice. He closed his address with the following quotation:

"If you think you're beaten, you are,
If you don't think you dare not, you don't;
If you like to win, but you think you can't
It's always a cinch you wont."

"If you think you'll lose, you're lost
For out in the world we find
The test begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind."

"If you think you're outclassed, you are
You've got to think high to rise
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize."

"Life's battles don't always go
To the strongest or faster man
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

Mr. McCready was the next speaker and he responded with a brief quotation, a joke and a demure farewell bow.

Mr. Wilcox followed with a splendid talk of general scope and closed by stressing the valued importance of co-operation. His address was lustily acclaimed.

Mr. Dean then spoke a few words eulogizing Mr. Vanderslice and the work he accomplished here.

The closing of the affair was marked by the presentation of a parchment scroll inscribed with the names of all of the people in the Furniture Department, this was presented by Mr. Smith. Mr. Vanderslice was also presented with a watch on behalf of the department.

Mr. Vanderslice responded with a brief talk of gratitude in which he thanked all for their good wishes and gifts. NICK J. KOLLING.

Saturday, June 13

Miss Schultheis, Interior Decorating: "What do they have the flags out for?"

A Kind Voice: "Why this is Flag Day."

Miss Schultheis: "Oh, I thought it was because it was the 13th, and they were glad it didn't fall on a Friday."

Jewelry Department Gossip

Blanche Saylor, accompanied by Seldom Dontlaf, attended a ukelele contest in McKees Rocks on Decoration Day.

Overheard in the Clock Dept.

Customer: "Is this a good clock?"
Reginald: "Yes, it is guaranteed."
Customer: "What do you mean by a guarantee?"
Reginald: "Guaranteed to be solid mahogany."
Customer: "Is it a good value?"
Reginald: "Oh yes. We are selling it at cost."
Customer: "Don't tell me that. It costs quite a lot of money to run this store and pay salaries. You cannot run without profit."
Reginald: "No we cannot run without profit, Madam. But we make our profit on this clock by the repairing."

Joe Albright was watching and waiting patiently for every train and automobile coming from Canton, Ohio, on June 13th. Better be careful, Joe, June is a fatal month.

Miss Smalley is wearing a beautiful ring on the right finger. That means wedding bells soon. The writer knows him to be a good-looking chap. Lots of luck, Miss Smalley.

Mr. Mack, our watchmaker, has returned from an enjoyable visit to the Highland Park Zoo at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Ott was enjoyably surprised last week. Mr. Lester Geigerich, formerly of the Jewelry Department, dropped in to see her.

Miss Jennie Botts has been telling how much weight she has lost in the last month. Jennie, for your information, the scales in the Restaurant on the 13th Floor, have been broken for the last six weeks.

Mike, our stock boy, has been complaining that he cannot get much mileage out of the rubber tires they put on his truck. Another flat one the other day. Put in a requisition for balloons, Mike.

The floral and grass decoration in the Diamond Department? that Mr. Brady swore he heard a cricket singing in the artificial grass one morning.

Don't you think Ruth Thomas is getting fat? Says she gained one pound a week or so ago.

Miss Helfrich's brother was one of the runners-up in the Marble Tournament in this section. We are sorry that he did not get the trip to Atlantic City.

Miss Kiley, who has taken up Grecian posing and dancing, was visited by a theatrical booking agent last week. At least, that's what we took him to be.

Mr. Finkelstein, (watchmaker), had a very sick grandmother the first afternoon the Pirates and Giants played at Forbes Field.

Florence Thomas is back with us again after a recent illness. She looks well and happy again. the same as she always used to be. Florence is quite a radio fan, by the way.

Mrs. Shields, a very pleasing and pleasant girl from the Blue Grass state (Kentucky), is with us on the Main Floor. She had charge of the Children's Jewelry on the Third Floor. Her favorite color is green.

Pickering has gone in for the Italian language. He is taking instructions from Mr. Posta Windowash.

And don't let us forget to whisper a thing or two about our enterprising Department "Storagram" reporter, Mr. Thompson. He's a real card if there ever was one and is missing his vocation if he stays away from the footlights. Was a shining light of our Vaudeville Show and went over big with his audience.

Kaufmann's Big Three Challenge

The golf team of the store, (the three W's), Walker, Wendling and Whittingham, are ready to challenge any other department store outfit in the city for a setto on the links. All three have reached their topmost form this year and are playing like champs.

You'll have to go far to find a better trio when it comes to swinging the clubs and getting consistently low scores. Some day we will probably have a department store golf league in this city and the three W's will undoubtedly make a most creditable showing for Kaufmann's.

"Luck"

[The following was inserted in the newspapers as an advertisement of the Harriman National Bank of New York. We clipped it because we believe it is "worth pasting in your hat."]

A modern wise man was once asked if he believed in Luck. Here is his answer, and it is worth cutting out and pasting in your hat:

"Do I believe in Luck? I should say I do! It's a wonderful force! I have watched the successful careers of too many lucky men, to doubt its existence and its efficacy. You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs onto it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bull-dog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of Vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation, and has the Ambition to desire them, and the Courage to tackle them. He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to co-operate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things. He thinks a little straighter; works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and his enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. Keeps his head cool—his feet warm—his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles. Plans his work ahead, then sticks to it—rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. And then—Luck does all the rest."

Then and Now

If you have ambition, go west, young man, go west.—Horace Greeley.

If you lack ambition, take yeast, young man, take yeast.—Fleischman.

Helen: "Do you think that a girl should learn to love before thirty?"
Mack: "Nope, too large an audience."

A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE WOMEN'S SHOE DEPARTMENT

A Vague Tale

A certain young man in Our Boys' Furnishing Dept., don't ya' know—and a certain young lady in our Mailing Dept.—don't ya' know—chance to meet accidentally on purpose—don't ya' know.

This certain young man kept to himself don't you know—and this certain young lady too—don't ya' know.

But it happened one day, in that casual way—don't ya' know—that this certain young lady and this certain young man, came to—don't ya' know.

So this is as far as we know—don't ya' know—of the parties in question—ah! ah!—Don't You Know?

About Landenberger's Moustache

Mrs. Salomon is on record as saying that the hirsute decoration on the upper lip of our Tenth Floor Adonis is a "magic moustache," because it disappears and re-appears so hastily. She further stated that it was her belief that he used a depilatory to aid its removals.

We don't know the whole story behind the moustache but do think that he should wear it in the open more often. It's nothing to be ashamed of, though there isn't enough there to cause pride either.

Paul: "How much do you weigh?"

Madeline: "Oh, not enough to spoil the crease in your trousers."

May 21st, 1925.
629 Margaret St.,
Mt. Oliver Sta.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kaufmann's Dept. Store,
City.

To whom it may concern:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your kindness and consideration shown me in regard to my mattress.

When I saw the poor way it was wearing, I was disappointed, (naturally enough), but not alarmed, as I knew Kaufmann's to be trustworthy in all respects.

When we were married our home was furnished with "The Big Store" things, and we are highly satisfied; our furniture is quality-plus value.

In the future everything we purchase bears Kaufmann's label.

Once again I thank you for your courtesy and interest and the splendid way in which my mattress came home to us.

Sincerely,
MRS. G. RUSSELL DAVIDSON.

A Smiling Paradox

I've squandered smiles today,
And strange to say,
Altho' my frowns with care, I've stowed away
Tonight I'm poorer far in frowns than at the start;
While in my heart,
Wherein my treasurers best I store,
I find my smiles increased by several score.

——John Kendrick Bang.

"Zeke" Makes His Bow

It's June 10th today and The Storagram just come out. I bin lookin' fer it sinst Mon. June 1st, 'cause I like it and the idee. I fetched it out here in the park—I am a'settin' on a bench in Schenley's Park. I have red it from cover to cover and will write some barn yard felosophy and sich like and if you see fit to run eny of it in alrite.

Even if straw hats is round, they never fit most heads.

By the time a feller finds a place t' park an' his wife gits some calico, it's time t' go home.

Considerin' everything, there ain't nothin' that looks quite as bad as somebody that don't look good in knickers.

Wimmin is gettin' so they don't wear 'nough clothes to give perfume a chance.

A feller kin commit 'most enny kind of a crime in a full dress suit an' git away with it.

A small hole in the bottom of a saucer would play havoc with most coffee drinkers.

Although there couldn't be nothin' no more 'ppropriate, when you see a bunch o' joy riders speedin' too fast, they are singin' everything 'xcept hymns.

Who remembers th' ol' days when every mother thought her daughter was better than anybody else's daughter.

'Twas a mighty thoughtful sister who, after seein' her brother coupein' with a crowd, went an' made a fancy knee cushion.

Speakin' of clothes, there ain't nothin' that looks no worse than a feller that is growed too small for his wesket.

Churches is allus goin' t' be short on finances as long as you kin make as much noise in the basket with a nickel as you kin with a quarter.

Th' feller that says he's goin' t' take off his heavy fleece-lined 'nderwear if this weather keeps up, would make a mighty poor ice man.

Science has things down in fine shape when they kin make an automobile stop at the right girl's house without steppin' on the brakes.

If you'd pat some fellers on th' back as hard as they'd like t' be, you'd break every bone in their body.

Th' way th' girls is headin' towards dressin', there'll be some worryin' in the future as t' what the graduates aint goin' t' wear, instead o' what they is goin' t' wear.

You can't tell by th' looks of a check how much money there is in th' bank t' meet it.

"If I kin git a girl t' set on my lap in a porch swing, I won't have t' buy no coupe", a feller remarked las' night as he took 'nventory of his bank book.

Rent gougers is one bunch that don't have t' unionize, bein's as how they is all th' same.

It is bin cruelly suggested that pe-destrians be made t' wear bumpers 'n tail lights so's t' give car drivers more freedom.

If there is anything looks worse than a overcoat an' straw hat, it's a overcoat an' no hat.

An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepin's. You catch sight o' it jis as it flies away from you an' gits buried again.

—"ZEKE."

The Articulation of the Teeth

The teeth are arranged in the form of an arch in both the upper and lower jaws. The teeth have points and depressions which lock together somewhat like cog wheels, when the jaws are closed. These fit and grind together in an efficient manner for biting and chewing. This is known as the articulation of the teeth and when it is interfered with, trouble usually follows.

Faulty articulation is often caused by:

First—An inherited condition due to either parent or both having malformed jaws. This can be corrected by the orthodontist, using wires and springs to make them grow straight.

Second—By abnormal conditions and neglect of the baby teeth.

The permanent teeth grow in the same sockets as the baby teeth and line up in back of them three more permanent teeth than baby teeth on each side.

Injuries, Cavities and Extractions before proper time of the baby teeth often closes the spaces of the baby tooth, so that there is not enough room for the permanent tooth. Sometimes the baby tooth does not drop out when it should and the permanent tooth then comes into one side of its proper place in the arch.

Third—Injuries, decay and loss of the permanent teeth. When a space is made the teeth move and drift towards it, but the articulation is usually lost.

Faulty articulation:

First—Favors decay. When the teeth are in their proper alignment, the chewing of the food cleans them, and the gums grow up around the surfaces that are not scoured by the food in chewing. Spaces between the teeth and teeth which have lost their opposite tooth usually decay.

Second—Causes Pyorrhea. All diseases of the gums in which the teeth get loose and drop out are caused by faulty articulation.

Third—Closes up the inside of the mouth so that the glands, tonsils, tongue, etc., are not given proper space in which to function. Secretions from the glands are often inhibited. The tonsils and throat are often diseased. Mouth breathing sometime results.

Fourth—Often makes people hard of hearing. The nerve of hearing runs through the jay joint and when this is pressed by a closed joint the hearing is affected.

Fifth—Makes one homely. The lower half of the face is built up around the teeth and jaws. One cannot be beautiful if this relationship is not normal.

The remedy is to start at an early age and give the dentist a chance to keep the teeth as near normal as possible. That is much easier than trying to correct a faulty articulation.

—G. W. NORRIS, D. D. S.

There's a tender thought of beauty in a rose that's blown; and an off'ring to the nation in a field that's sown. There's a little hymn of nature in the warbling of a bird; and a blessing in the speaking of a kindly helpful word.

—THE "STENCIL."

The Sea Gypsy

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay--
For the wander thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsail shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow,
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

—Richard Hovey